

the Tragedie

King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe resolving witty *Buckingham*,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now what newes with you?
Dar. My Lord I heare the Marquesse *Dorset*
Is fled to *Richmond*, in those parts beyond the seas
Where he abides.

King. Gatesby. *Car.* My Lord.

King. Rumor is abroad
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meene borne Gentleman,
Whome I will marry straight to *Clarence* daughter
The boy is foolish and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murder her brother, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucks on sin,
Teares falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name *Tirrel*?

Tir. James *Tirrel*, and your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.

King. Dar'st thou resolute to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. I my Lord; but I had rather kill two deepe enemies,

King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemies.

Foes to my rest that my sweete sleepes disturbs,

Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:

Tirrel. I meane those bastards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me haue meanes to come to them,

of Richard the Third

And soone lie rid you from the feare of

King. Thou singst sweete musicke,

Go by that token, rise and lend thine e

Tis no more but so, say, is it done

And I will loue thee and preferre thee t

Tir. Tis done my good Lord.

King. Shall wee heare from thee *Tirrel*?

Tir. Yea my good Lord.

Buc. My Lord, I haue confided in

The late demand that you did sound me

King. Well let that passe *Dorset* is fle

Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.

King. *Stanley*, he is your wiues sonne.

Buc. My Lord I claime your gift, my

For which your honor and your faith i

The Earledome of Herford and the mo

The which you promised I should poss

King. *Stanley* looke to your wife, if th

Letters to *Richmond* you shall answer

Buc. What sayes your Highnesse to m

King. As I remember *Henry* the sixt

Did prophesie that *Richmond* should be

When *Richmond* was a little peeuish bo

A King perhaps, perhaps,

Buc. My Lord.

King. How chance the prophet could n

Haue told me I being by, that I should

Buc. My Lord, your promise for the E

King. *Richmond*, When last I was at E

The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Cat

And called it Rugemount, at which name

Because a Bard of *Ireland* told me once

I should not liue long after I saw *Richmo*

Buc. My Lord.

King. I whats a clocke?

Buc. I am thus bold to put your grace i

Of what you promise me.

King. Well but whats a clocke?

Buc. Vpon the stroke of ten.